EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

AND

MRS. BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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SIXTH EVENING.

THE

TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.

At the time when Fairies and Genii possessed the powers which they have now lost, there lived in the country of the Brachmans, a man named *Indur,* who was distinguished, not only for that gentleness of disposition and humanity towards all living creatures, which are so much cultivated among those people, but for an insatiable curiosity respecting the nature and way of life of all animals. In pursuit of knowledge of this kind, he would frequently spend the night among lonely rocks, or in the midst of thick forests; and there, under shelter of a hanging cliff, or mounted

upon a high tree, he would watch the motions and actions of all the animals that seek their prey in the night; and remaining in the same spot till the break of day, he would observe this tribe of creatures retiring to their dens, and all others coming forth to enjoy the beams of the rising sun. On these occasions, if he saw any opportunity of exercising his benevolence towards animals in distress, he never failed to make use of it; and many times rescued the small bird from the pitiless hawk, and the lamb or kid from the gripe of the wolf and lynx. One day as he was sitting on a tree in the forest, a little frolicksome monkey, in taking a great leap from one bough to another, chanced to miss his hold, and fell from a great height to the ground. As he lay there unable to move, *Indur* espied a lage venomous serpent advancing to make the poor defenceless creature his prey. He

immediately descended from his post, and taking the little monkey in his arms, ran with it to the tree, and gently placed it upon a bough. In the mean time, the enraged serpent pursuing him, overtook him before he could mount the tree, and bit him in the leg. Presently, the limb began to swell, and the effects of the venom became visible over *Indur's* whole frame. He grew faint, sick, and pale; and sinking on the ground, was sensible that his last moments were fast approaching. As thus he lay, he was surprised to hear a human voice from the tree; and looking up, he beheld, on the bough where he had placed the monkey, a beautiful woman, who thus addressed him;—"*Indur*, I am truly grieved, that thy kindness to me should have been the cause of thy destruction. Know, that in the form of the poor monkey, it was the potent fairy *Perezinda*, to whom thou

gavest succour. Obliged to pass a certain number of days every year under the shape of an animal, I had chosen this form; and though not mortal, I should have suffered extreme agonies from the bite of the serpent, hadst thou not so humanely assisted me. It is not in my power to prevent the fatal effect of the poison; but I am able to grant thee any wish thou shalt form respecting the future state of existence to which thou art now hastening. Speak then, before it be too late, and let me shew my gratitude."—"Great Perezinda!" replied *Indur*, "since you deign so bounteously to return my service, this is the request that I make; in all my transmigrations may I retain a rational soul, with the memory of the adventures I have gone through; and when death sets me free from one body, may I instantly animate another in the prime of its powers and faculties, without passing

through the helpless state of infancy." —"It is granted," answered the Fairy; and immediately breaking a small branch from the tree, and breathing on it, she threw it down to *Indur*, and bid him hold it fast in his hand. He did so, and presently expired.

Instantly he found himself in a green valley by the side of a clear stream, grazing amid a herd of *Antelopes*. He admired his elegant shape, sleek spotted skin, and polished spiral horns; and drank with delight of the cool rivulet, cropped the juicy herb, and sported with his companions. Soon an alarm was given of the approach of an enemy; and they all set off with the swiftness of the wind, to the neighbouring immense plains; where they were presently out of the reach of injury. *Indur* was highly delighted with the ease and rapidity of his motions; and snuffing the keen air of the desert, bounded away, scarcely

deigning to touch the ground with his feet. This way of life went on very pleasantly for some time, till at length the herd was one morning alarmed with noises of trumpets, drums, and loud shouts on every side. They started and ran first to the right, then to the left, but were continually driven back by the surrounding crowd, which now appeared to be a whole army of hunters, with the king of the country, and all his nobles, assembled at a solemn chase, after the manner of the eastern people. And now the circle began to close, and numbers of affrighted animals of various kinds thronged together in the centre, keeping as far as possible from the dangers that approached them from all quarters. The huntsmen were now come near enough to reach their game with their arrows: and the prince and his lords shot at them as they passed and repassed, killing and wounding great numbers.

Indur and his surviving companions seeing no other means of escape, resolved to make a bold push towards that part of the ring which was the most weakly guarded; and though many perished in the attempt, yet a few, leaping over the heads of the people, got clear away : and *Indur* was among the number. But whilst he was scouring over the plain, rejoicing in his good fortune and conduct, an enemy swifter than himself overtook him. This was a falcon, who, let loose by one of the huntsmen, dashed like lightning after the fugitives; and alighting upon the head of *Indur*, began to tear his eyes with his beak, and flap his wings over his face. *Indur*, terrified and blinded, knew not which way he went; and instead of proceeding straight forwards, turned round and came again towards the hunters. One of these, riding full speed with a javelin in his hand, came

up to him, and ran the weapon into his side. He fell down, and with repeated wounds was soon dispatched.

When the struggle of death was over, *Indur* was equally surprised and pleased on finding himself soaring high in the air, as one of a flight of *Wild Geese*, in their annual migration to breed in the arctic regions. With vast delight he sprung forward on easy wing through the immense fields of air, and surveyed beneath him extensive tracts of earth perpetually varying with plains, mountains, rivers, lakes, and woods. At the approach of night, the flock lighted on the ground, and fed on the green corn or grass; and at day-break they were again on the wing, arranged in a regular wedge-like body, with an experienced leader at their head. Thus for many days they continued their journey, passing over countries inhabited by various nations, till at length they arrived in the

remotest part of Lapland, and settled in a wide marshy lake, filled with numerous reedy islands, and surrounded on all sides with dark forests of pine and birch. Here, in perfect security from man and hurtful animals, they followed the great business of breeding and providing for their young, living plentifully upon the insects and aquatic reptiles that abounded in this sheltered spot. *Indur* with great pleasure exercised his various powers of swimming, diving, and flying; sailing round the islands, penetrating into every creek and bay, and visiting the deepest recesses of the woods. He surveyed with astonishment the sun, instead of rising and setting, making a complete circle in the heavens, and cheering the earth with a perpetual day. Here he met with innumerable tribes of kindred birds, varying in size, plumage, and voice, but all passing their time in a similar manner, and fur-

nished with the same powers for providing food and a safe retreat for themselves and their young. The whole lake was covered with parties fishing or sporting, and resounded with their loud cries; while the islands were filled with their nests, and new broods of young were continually coming forth and launching upon the surface of the waters. One day, *Indur's* curiosity having led him at a distance from his companions to the woody border of the lake, he was near paying dear for his heedlessness; for a fox, that lay in wait among the bushes, sprang upon him, and it was with the utmost difficulty that by a strong exertion he broke from his hold, not without the loss of some feathers.

Summer now drawing to an end, the vast congregation of water-fowl began to break up; and large bodies of them daily took their way southwards, to pass the winter in climates where the waters

are never so frozen as to become uninhabitable by the feathered race. The wild-geese, to whom *Indur* belonged, proceeded with their young ones by long daily journeys across Sweden, the Baltic Sea, Poland, and Turkey, to Lesser Asia, and finished their journey at the celebrated plains on the banks of the Cayster, a noted resort for their species ever since the age of Homer, who in some very beautiful verses has described the manners and actions of the various tribes of aquatic birds in that favourite spot.* Here they soon recruited from the fatigue of their march, and enjoyed

*Not less their number than th' embodied cranes
Or milk-white swans on Asia's wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster springs
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings.
Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.

POPE's Homer.

themselves in the delicious climate till winter. This season, though here extremely mild, yet making the means of sustenance somewhat scarce, they were obliged to make foraging excursions to the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood. Having committed great depredations upon a fine field of young wheat, the owner spread a net on the ground, in which *Indur*, with several of his compar'ons had the misfortune to be caught. No mercy was shown them, but as they were taken out one by one, their necks were all broken.

Indur was not immediately sensible of the next change he underwent, which was into a *Dormouse*, fast asleep in a hole at the foot of a bush. As it was in a country where the winter was pretty severe, he did not awake for some weeks; when a thaw having taken place, and the sun beginning to warm the earth, he unrolled himself one day,

stretched, opened his eyes, and not being able to make out where he was, he roused a female companion whom he found by his side. When she was sufficiently awakened, and they both began to feel hungry, she led the way to a magazine of nuts and acorns, where they made a comfortable meal, and soon fell asleep again. This nap having lasted a few days, they awaked a second time, and having eaten, they ventured to crawl to the mouth of their hole, where, pulling away some withered grass and leaves, they peeped out into the open air. After taking a turn or two in the sun, they grew chill, and went down again, stopping up the entrance after them. The cold weather returning, they took another long nap, till at length spring being fairly set in, they roused in earnest; and began to make daily excursions abroad. Their winter stock of provisions being now exhausted,

they were for some time reduced to great straits, and obliged to dig for roots and pig-nuts. Their fare was mended as the season advanced, and they made a nest near the bottom of a tree, where they brought up a young family. They never ranged far from home, nor ascended the higher branches of the tree, and passed great part of their time in sleep, even during the midst of summer. When autumn came, they were busily employed in collecting the nuts, acorns, and other dry fruits that fell from the trees, and laying them up in their store-houses underground. One day, as *Indur* was closely engaged in this occupation, at some distance from his dwelling, he was seized by a wild cat, who, after tormenting him for a time, gave him a gripe, and put him out of his pain.

From one of the smallest and most defenceless of animals, *Indur* found himself instantly changed into a majestic

Elephant, in a lofty forest in the isle of Ceylon. Elated with this wonderful advancement in the scale of creation, he stalked along with conscious dignity, and surveyed with pleasing wonder his own form and that of his companions, together with the rich scenery of the ever-verdant woods, which perfumed the air with their spicy odour, and lifted their tall heads to the clouds. Here fearing no injury, and not desirous to do any, the gigantic herd roamed at large, feeding on the green branches which they tore down with their trunks, bathing in deep rivers during the heat of the day, and reposing in the depths of the forests, reclined against the massy trunks of trees by night. It was long before *Indur* met with any adventure that could lead him to doubt his security. But, one day, having penetrated into a close entangled thicket, he espied, lurking under the thick covert,

a grim tiger, whose eyes flashed rage and fury. Though the tiger was one of the largest of his species, yet his bulk was trifling compared with that of an elephant, a single foot of which seemed sufficient to crush him; yet the fierceness and cruelty of his looks, his angry growl, and grinning teeth, struck some terror into *Indur*. There was little time, however, for reflection; for when *Indur* had advanced a single step, the tiger, setting up a roar, sprung to meet him, attempting to seize his lifted trunk. *Indur* was dexterous enough to receive him upon one of his tusks, and exerting all his strength, threw the tiger to a great distance. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but recovering, renewed the assault with redoubled fury. *Indur* again, and a third time, threw him off; after which the tiger turning about, bounded away into the midst of the thicket. *Indur* drew back, and

rejoined his companions, with some abatement in the confidence he had placed in his size and strength, which had not prevented him from undergoing so dangerous an attack.

Soon after, he joined the rest of the herd in an expedition beyond the bounds of the forest, to make depredations on some fields of maize. They committed great havoc, devouring part, but tearing up and trampling down much more; when the inhabitants taking the alarm, assembled in great numbers, and with fierce shouts and flaming brands drove them back to the woods. Not contented with this, they were resolved to make them pay for the mischief they had done, by taking some prisoners. For this purpose they enclosed a large space among the trees with strong posts and stakes, bringing it to a narrower and narrower compass, and ending at last in a passage only capable of admit-

ting one elephant at a time. This was divided into several apartments, by strong cross-bars, which would lift up and down. They then sent out some tame female elephants bred to the business, who approaching the herd of wild ones, inveigled the males to follow them towards the enclosures. *Indur* was among the first who was decoyed by their artifices; and with some others following heedlessly he got into the narrowest part of the enclosure, opposite to the passage. Here they stood a while, doubting whether they should go further. But the females leading the way, and uttering the cry of invitation, they ventured at length to follow. When a sufficient number was in the passage, the bars were let down by men placed for that purpose, and the elephants were fairly caught in a trap. As soon as they were sensible of their situation, they fell into a fit of rage, and

with all their efforts endeavoured to break through. But the hunters throwing nooses over them, bound them fast with strong ropes and chains to the posts on each side, and thus kept them without food or sleep for three days; when, being exhausted with hunger and fatigue, they gave signs of sufficient tameness. They were now let out one by one, and bound each of them to two large tame elephants with riders on their backs, and thus without resistance were led away close prisoners. They were then put into separate stables, and by proper discipline were presently rendered quite tame and gentle.

Not long after, *Indur*, with five more, was sent over from Ceylon to the continent of India, and sold to one of the princes of the country. He was now trained to all the services elephants are there employed in; which were to carry people on his back in a kind of sedan or litter, to draw cannon, ships,

and other great weights, to kneel and rise at command, make obeisance to his lord, and perform all the motions and attitudes he was ordered. Thus he lived a long time well fed and caressed, clothed in costly trappings on days of ceremony, and contributing to the pomp of eastern royalty. At length a war broke out, and *Indur* came to be employed in a different scene. After proper training, he was marched, with a number of his fellows, into the field, bearing on his back a small wooden tower, in which were placed some soldiers with a small field-piece. They soon came in sight of the enemy, and both sides were drawn up for battle. *Indur* and the rest were urged forwards by their leaders, wondering at the same time at the scene in which they were engaged, so contrary to their nature and manners. Presently all was involved in smoke and fire. The elephants ad-

vancing, soon put to flight those who were drawn up before them; but their career was stopped by a battery of cannon, which played furiously against them. Their vast bodies offered a fair mark to the balls, which presently struck down some, and wounded others. *Indur* received a shot on one of his tusks, which broke it, and put him to such pain and affright, that turning about, he ran with all speed over the plain; and falling in with a body of their own infantry, he burst through, trampling down whole ranks, and filling them with terror and confusion. His leader having now lost all command over him, and finding him hurtful only to his own party, applied the sharp instrument he carried to the nape of his neck, and driving it in with all his force, pierced his spinal marrow, so that he fell lifeless to the ground.

In the next stage of his existence,

Indur, to his great surprise, found even the vast bulk of the elephant prodigiously exceeded; for he was now a *Whale* of the largest species, rolling in the midst of the arctic seas. As he darted along, the lash of his tail made whirlpools in the mighty deep. When he opened his immense jaws he drew in a flood of brine, which on rising to the surface, he spouted out again in a rushing fountain, that rose high in the air with the noise of a mighty cataract. All the other inhabitants of the ocean seemed as nothing to him. He swallowed, almost without knowing it, whole shoal, of the smaller kinds; and the larger swiftly turned aside at his approach. "Now," he cried to himself, "whatever other evils await me, I am certainly secure from the molestations of other animals; for what is the creature that can dare to cope with me, or measure his strength with mine?" Having

said this, he saw swimming near him a fish not a quarter of his length, armed with a dreadful row of teeth. This was a grampus, which directly flying upon *Indur*, fastened on him, and made his great teeth meet in his flesh. *Indur* roared with pain, and lashed the sea, till it was all in a foam; but could neither reach nor shake off his cruel foe He rolled over and over, rose and sunk, and exerted all his boasted strength; but to no purpose. At length the grampus quitted his hold, and left him not a little mortified with the adventure. This was however forgotten, and *Indur* received pleasure from his new situation, as he roamed through the boundless fields of ocean, now diving to its very bottom, now shooting swiftly to its surface, and sporting with his companions in unwieldy gambols. Having chosen a mate, he took his course with her southwards, and in due time brought

up two young ones, of whom he was extremely fond. The summer season being arrived, he more frequently than usual rose to the surface, and basking in the sun-beams, floated unmoved with a large part of his huge body above the waves. As he was thus one day enjoying a profound sleep, he was awakened by a sharp instrument penetrating deep into his back. Instantly he sprung away with the swiftness of lightning, and feeling the weapon still sticking, he dived into the recesses of the deep, and staid there till want of air obliged him to ascend to the surface. Here another harpoon was plunged into him, the smart of which again made him fly from his unseen foes; but, after a shorter course, he was again compelled to rise, much weakened by the loss of blood, which, gushing in a torrent, tinged the waters as he passed. Another wound was inflicted, which soon brought him almost

lifeless to the surface; and the line fastened to the first harpoon being now pulled in, this enormous creature was brought, an unresisting prey, to the side of a ship, where he was soon quite dispatched, and then cut to pieces.

The soul of this huge carcase had next a much narrower lodging, for *Indur* was changed into a Bee, which, with a great multitude of its young companions, was on flight in search of a new settlement, their parents having driven them out of the hive, which was unable to contain them all. After a rambling excursion, the queen, by whom all thèir motions were directed, settled on the branch of a lofty tree. They all immediately clustered round her, aud soon formed a large black bunch, depending from the bough. A man presently planting a ladder, ascended with a bee-hive, and swept them in. After they were quietly settled in

their new habitation, they were placed on a stand in the garden along with some other colonies, and left to begin their labours. Every fine morning, as soon as the sun was up, the greatest part of them sallied forth, and roamed over the garden and the neighbouring fields in search of fresh and fragrant flowers. They first collected a quantity of gluey matter, with which they lined all the inside of their house. Then they brought wax, and began to make their cells, building them with the utmost regularity, though it was their first attempt, and they had no teacher. As fast as they were built, some were filled with liquid honey, gathered from the nectaries of flowers; and as they filled the cells, they sealed them up with a thin covering of wax. In other cells, the queen bee deposited her eggs, which were to supply a new progeny for the ensuing year. Nothing could

be a more pleasing sight, than to behold on a sunshiny day the insects continually going forth to their labour, while others were as constantly arriving at the mouth of the hole, either with yellow balls of wax under their thighs, or full of the honey which they had drawn in with their trunks for the purpose of spouting it out into the cells of the honey-comb. *Indur* felt much delight in this useful and active way of life, and was always one of the first abroad at the dawn, and latest home in the evening. On rainy and foggy days they stayed at home, and employed themselves in finishing their cells, and all the necessary work within doors; and *Indur*, though endued with human reason, could not but admire the readiness with which he and the rest formed the most regular plans of work, all corresponding in design and execution, guided by instinct alone.

The end of autumn now approaching, the bees had filled their combs with honey; and nothing more being to be got abroad, they staid within doors, passing most of their time in sleep. They ate a little of their store, but with great frugality; and all their meals were made in public, none daring to make free with the common stock by himself. The owner of the hives now came and took them one by one into his hand, that he might judge by the weight whether or no they were full of honey. That in which *Indur* was, proved to be one of the heaviest; and it was therefore resolved to take the contents. For this purpose, one cold night, when the bees were all fast asleep, the hive was placed over a hole in the ground, in which were put brimstone matches set on fire. The fumes rose into the hive, and soon suffocated great part of the bees, and stupified the rest, so

that they all fell from the combs. *Indur* was amongst the dead.

He soon revived in the form of a young *Rabbit* in a spacious warren. This was like a populous town; being every where hollowed by burrows running deep under ground, and each inhabited by one or more families. In the evening the warren was covered with a vast number of rabbits, old and young, some feeding, others frisking about, and pursuing one another in wanton sport. At the least alarm, they all hurried into the holes nearest them, and were in an instant safe from enemies, who either could not follow them at all, or if they did, were foiled in the chase by the numerous ways and turnings in the earth, communicating with each other, so as to afford easy means of escape. *Indur* delighted much in this secure and social life; and taking a mate, was soon the father of a numer-

ous offspring. Several of the little ones, however, not being sufficiently careful, fell a prey either to hawks and crows, continually hovering over the warren, or to cats, foxes, and other wild quadrupeds, who used every art to catch them at a distance from their holes. *Indur* himself ran several hazards. He was once very near being caught by a little dog trained for the purpose, who kept playing round for a considerable time, not seeming to attend to the rabbits, till having got near, he all at once darted in the midst of them. Another time he received some shot from a sportsman who lay on the watch behind a hedge adjoining the warren.

The number of rabbits here was so great, that a hard winter coming on, which killed most of the vegetables, or buried them deep under the snow, they were reduced to great straits, and many were famished to death. Some turnips

and hay, however, which were laid for them, preserved the greater part. The approach of spring renewed their sport and pleasure; and *Indur* was made the father of another family. One night, however, was fatal to them all. As they were sleeping, they were alarmed by the attack of a ferret; and running with great speed to the mouth of their burrow to escape it, they were all caught in nets placed over their holes. *Indur* with the rest was dispatched by a blow on the back of the neck, and his body was sent to the nearest market town.

His next change was into a young *Mastiff*, brought up in a farm-yard. Having nearly acquired his full size, he was sent as a present to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who wanted a faithful guard for his house and grounds. *Indur* presently attached himself to his master and all his family, and showed every mark of a noble and generous na-

ture. Though fierce as a lion whenever he thought the persons or properties of his friends invaded, he was as gentle as a lamb at other times, and would patiently suffer any kind of freedoms from those he loved. He permitted the children of the house to lug him about, ride on his back, and use him as roughly as their little hands were capable of; never even when hurt, showing any displeasure further than by a low growl. He was extremely indulgent to all the other animals of his species in the yard; and when abroad would treat the impertinent barking of little dogs with silent contempt. Once indeed being provoked beyond bearing, not only by the noise, but by the snaps of a malicious whelp, he suddenly seized him in his open mouth; but when the bystanders thought that the poor cur was going instantly to be devoured they were equally diverted

and pleased at seeing *Indur* go to the side of a muddy ditch, and drop his antagonist unhurt into the middle of it.

He had, however, more serious conflicts frequently to sustain. He was accustomed to attend the servant on market days to the neighbouring town, when it was his office to guard the provision cart, while the man was making his purchases in the shops. On these occasions, the boldest dogs in the street would sometimes make an onset in a body; and while some of them were engaging *Indur*, others would be mounting the cart, and pulling down the meat baskets. *Indur* had much ado to defend himself and the baggage too; however, he never failed to make some of the assailants pay dearly for their impudence; and by his loud barking, he summoned his human fellow-servant to his assistance, in time to prevent their depredations.

At length his courage was exerted on the most important service to which it could be applied. His master returning home late one evening, was attacked near his own house by three armed ruffians. *Indur* heard his voice calling for help, and instantly flew to his relief. He seized one of the villains by the throat, brought him to the ground, and presently disabled him. The master, in the mean time, was keeping off the other two with a large stick; but had received several wounds with a cutlass; and one of the men had presented a pistol, and was just on the point of firing. At this moment *Indur* leaving his vanquished foe on the ground, rushed forward, and seizing the man's arm, made him drop the pistol. The master took it up; on which the other robber fled. He now advanced to him with whom *Indur* was engaged, and fired the pistol at him. The ball broke the man's

arm, and thence entered the body of *Indur*, and mortally wounded him. He fell, but had the satisfaction of seeing his master remain lord of the field; and the servants now coming up, made prisoners of the two wounded robbers. The master threw himself by the side of *Indur*, and expressed the warmest concern at the accident which had made him the cause of the death of the faithful animal that had preserved his life. *Indur* died licking his hand.

So generous a nature was now no longer to be annexed to a brutal form. *Indur*, awaking as it were from a trance, found himself again in the happy region he had formerly inhabited, and recommenced the innocent life of a Brachman. He cherished the memory of his transmigrations, and handed them down to posterity, in a relation from which the preceding account has been extracted for the amusement of my young readers.

SEVENTH EVENING.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

A DRAMA.

Scene—*A scattered Village almost hidden with Trees.*

Enter HARFORD *and* BEAUMONT.

Harford. THERE is the place. This is the green on which I played many a day with my companions; there are the tall trees that I have so often climbed for birds' nests; and that is the pond where I used to sail my walnut-shell boats. What a croud of mixed sensations rush on my mind! What pleasure, and what regret! Yes, there is somewhat in our native soil that affects the mind in a manner different from every other scene in nature.

Beaumont. With you it must be merely the *place;* for I think you can have no attachments of friendship or affection in it, considering your long absence, and the removal of all your family.

Harf. No, I have no family connexions, and indeed can scarcely be said ever to have had any; for, as you know, I was almost utterly neglected after the death of my father and mother, and while all my elder brothers and sisters were dispersed to one part or another, and the little remaining property was disposed of, I was left with the poor people who nursed me, to be brought up just as they thought proper; and the little pension that was paid for me, entirely ceased after a few years.

Beaum. Then how were you afterwards supported?

Harf. The honest couple who had the care of me, continued to treat me

with the greatest kindness; and poor as they were, not only maintained me as a child of their own, but did all in their power to procure me advantages more suited to my birth, than my deserted situation. With the assistance of the worthy clergyman of the parish, they put me to a day-school in the village, clothed me decently, and being themselves sober religious persons, took care to keep me from vice. The obligations I am under to them will, I hope, never be effaced from my memory, and it is on their account alone that I have undertaken this journey.

Beaum. How long did you continue with them?

Harf. Till I was thirteen. I then felt an irresistible desire to fight for my country; and learning by accident that a distant relation of our family was a captain of a man of war, I took leave of my worthy benefactors, and set off

to the sea-port where he lay, the good people furnishing me in the best manner they were able with necessaries for the journey. I shall never forget the tenderness with which they parted with me. It was, if possible, beyond that of the kindest parents. You know my subsequent adventures, from the time of my becoming a midshipman, to my present state of first lieutenant of the Britannia. Though it is now fifteen years since my departure, I feel my affection for these good folks stronger than ever, and could not be easy without taking the first opportunity of seeing them.

Beaum. It is a great chance if they are both living.

Harf. I happened to hear by a young man of the village, not long since, that they were; but I believe much reduced in their circumstances.

Beaum. Whereabouts did they live?

Harf. Just at the turning of this cor-

ner. But what's this—I can't find the house—Yet I am sure I have not forgot the situation. Surely it must be pulled down! Oh! my dear old friends, what can have become of you?

Beaum. You had best ask that little girl.

Harf. Hark ye, my dear! do you know one John Beech, of this place?

Girl. What old John Beech! O yes, very well, and Mary Beech! too.

Harf. Where do they live?

Girl. A little further on in the lane.

Harf. Did they not once live hereabouts?

Girl. Yes, till farmer Tything pulled the house down to make his hop-garden.

Harf. Come with me to show me the place, and I'll give you a penny.

Girl. Yes, that I will. *(They walk on.)* There—that low thatched house—and there's Mary spinning at the door.

Harf. There, my dear (*gives money, and the girl goes away*). How my heart beats! Surely that cannot be my nurse! Yes, I recollect her now; but how very old and sickly she looks!

Beaum. Fifteen years in her life, with care and hardship, must go a great way in breaking her down.

Harf. (*going to the cottage door*). Good morning, good woman; can you give my companion and me something to drink? We are very thirsty with walking this hot day.

Mary Beech. I have nothing better than water, Sir; but if you please to accept of that, I will bring you some.

Beaum. Thank you—we will trouble you for some.

Mary. Will you please to walk in out of the sun, gentlemen; ours is a very poor house indeed; but I will find you a seat to sit down on, while I draw the water.

Harf. (to Beaumont). The same good creature as ever! let us go in.

Scene II.—*The Inside of the Cottage. An old Man sitting by the Hearth.*

Beaum. We have made bold, friend, to trouble your wife for a little water.

John Beech. Sit down—sit down—gentlemen. I would get up to give you my chair, but I have the misfortune to be lame, and am almost blind too.

Harf. Lame and blind! Oh, Beaumont! *(aside.)*

John. Ay, Sir, old age will come on; and, God knows, we have very little means to fence against it.

Beaum. What, have you nothing but your labour to subsist on?

John. We made that do, Sir, as long as we could; but now I am hardly capable of doing any thing, and my

poor wife can earn very little by spinning, so we have been forced at last to apply to the parish.

Harf. To the parish! well, I hope they consider the services of your better days, and provide for you comfortably.

John. Alas, Sir; I am not much given to complain; but what can two shillings a week do in these hard times?

Harf. Little enough, indeed! And is that all they allow you?

John. It is, Sir; and we are not to have that much longer, for they say we must come into the workhouse.

Mary. *(entering with the water.)* Here, gentlemen, the jug is clean, if you can drink out of it.

Harf. The workhouse do you say?

Mary. Yes, gentlemen—that makes my poor husband so uneasy—that we should come in our old days to die in a workhouse. We have lived better, I

assure you—but we were turned out of our little farm by the great farmer near the church; and since that time we have been growing poorer and poorer, and weaker and weaker, so that we have nothing to help ourselves with.

John (sobbing). To die in a parish workhouse—I can hardly bear the thought of it. But God knows best, and we must submit.

Harf. But, my good people, have you no children or friends to assist you?

John. Our children, Sir, are all dead, except one that is settled a long way off, and as poor as we are.

Beaum. But surely, my friends, such decent people as you seem to be, must have somebody to protect you.

Mary. No, Sir—we know nobody but our neighbours, and they think the workhouse good enough for the poor.

Harf. Pray, was there not a family of Harfords once in this village?

John. Yes, Sir, a long while ago—but they are all dead and gone, or else far enough from this place.

Mary. Ay, Sir, the youngest of them, and the finest child among them, that I'll say for him, was nursed in our house when we lived in the old spot near the green. He was with us till he was thirteen, and a sweet behaved boy he was—I loved him as well as ever I did any of my own children.

Harf. What became of him?

John. Why, Sir, he was a fine, bold-spirited boy, though the best tempered creature in the world—so last war he would be a sailor, and fight the French and Spaniards ,and away he went, nothing could stop him, and we have never heard a word of him since.

Mary. Aye, he is dead or killed, I warrant—for if he was alive and in England, I am sure nothing would

keep him from coming to see his poor daddy and mammy as he used to call us. Many a night have I lain awake thinking of him!

Harf. (to Beaum.) I can hold no longer!

Beaum. (to him). Restrain yourself awhile. Well, my friends, in return for your kindness I will tell you some news that will please you. This same Harford, Edward Harford . . . .

Mary. Ay, that was his name—my dear Ned—What of him, Sir, is he living?

John. Let the gentleman speak, my dear.

Beaum. Ned Harford is now alive and well, and a lieutenant in his majesty's navy, and as brave an officer as any in the service.

John. I hope you do not jest with us, Sir.

Beaum. I do not, upon my honour.

Mary. O thank God—thank God—if I could but see him!

John. Ay, I wish for nothing more before I die.

Harf. Here he is—here he is—My dearest, best benefactors! Here I am, to pay some of the great debt of kindness I owe you. *(Clasps Mary round the neck, and kisses her).*

Mary. What—this gentleman my Ned! Ay, it is, it is—I see it, I see it.

John. O my old eyes! but I know his voice now. *(Stretches out his hand, which Harford grasps).*

Harf. My good old man! O that you could see me as clearly as I do you!

John. Enough—enough—it is you, and I am contented.

Mary. O happy day!—O happy day!

Harf. Did you think I could ever forget you?

John. O no—I knew you better—but what a long while it is since we parted!

Mary. Fifteen years come Whitsuntide!

Harf. The first time I set foot in England all this long interval was three weeks ago.

John. How good you were to come to us so soon.

Mary. What a tall strong man you are grown! but you have the same sweet smile as ever.

John. I wish I could see him plain—but what signifies! he's here, and I hold him by the hand. Where's the other good gentleman?

Beaum. Here—very happy to see such worthy people made so!

Harf. He has been my dearest friend for a great many years, and I am be-

holden to him almost as much as to you two.

Mary. Has he? God bless him and reward him!

Harf. I am grieved to think what you must have suffered from hardship and poverty. But that is all at an end —no workhouse now!

John. God bless you! then I shall be happy still. But we must not be burdensome to you.

Harf. Don't talk of that—As long as I have a shilling, it is my duty to give you sixpence of it. Did you not take care of me when all the world forsook me—and treated me as your own child when I had no other parent —and shall I ever forsake you in your old age! Oh never—never!

Mary. Ay, you had always a kind heart of your own. I always used to think our dear Ned would some time or other prove a blessing to us.

Harf. You must leave this poor hut, that is not fit to keep out the weather, and we must get you a snug cottage either in this village or some other.

John. Pray, my dear Sir, let us die in this town, as we have always lived in it. And as to a house, I believe that where old Richard Carpenter used to live in is empty, if it would not be too good for us.

Harf. What, the white cottage on the green? I remember it—it is just the thing. You shall remove there this very week.

Mary. This is beyond all my hopes and wishes.

Harf. There you shall have a little close to keep a cow—and a girl to milk her, and take care of you both—and a garden well stocked with herbs and roots—and a little yard for pigs and poultry—and some good new furniture for your house.

John. O too much—too much!

Mary. What makes me cry so, when so many good things are coming to us?

Harf. Who is the landlord of that house?

John. Our next neighbour, Mr. Wheatfield.

Harf. I'll go and speak about it directly, and then come to you again. Come, Beaumont. God bless you both!

John. God in heaven bless you!

Mary. O happy day—O happy day!

THE SWALLOW AND TORTOISE.

A *Tortoise* in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like head.

Just come from sea, a *Swallow*,
As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat our old racer hollow:
At length he stopp'd direct in point of view,
And said, "Acquaintance brisk and gay,
How have you far'd this many a day!"

"Thank you," (reply'd the close house-keeper)
"Since you and I last autumn parted,
I've been a precious sleeper,
And never stirr'd nor started,
But in my hole I lay as snug,
As fleas within a rug;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice were thaw'd."

"But I," (rejoin'd the bird)
"Who love cold weather just as well as you,
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
Away I flew,
And mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.
Directed, by the mid-day sun,
O'er sea and land my ven'trous course I steer'd,
Nor was my distant journey done,
Till Afric's verdant coast appeared.
There, all the season long,

I chas'd gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning song,
And hous'd at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of spring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous message bring."

"Lord! what a deal of needless ranging;"
(Return'd the reptile grave)
"For ever hurrying, bustling, changing,
As if it were your life to save!
Why need you visit foreign nations!
Rather like me, and some of your relations,
Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,
Secure from trouble and mishap."

"A pleasant nap, indeed!" (replied the Swallow)
"When I can neither see nor fly,
The bright example I may follow;
Till then, in truth not I!
I measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days, like you, you stupid
dunce!"

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

"I THINK I will take a ride,"—said the little *Lord Linger*, after breakfast —"bring me my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled; and his lordship's spurs were putting on.

"No"—said he—"I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horse was led back, and the ponies were almost harnessed; when his lordship sent his valet to countermand them. He would walk into the corn-field, and see how the new pointer hunted.

"After all"—says he—"I think I will stay at home, and play a game or two at billiards."

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself.

His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship if he would read a little.

"Why—I think—I will—for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?"

"Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages of the Æneid. Suppose we finish it."

"Well—ay; But—no—I had rather go on with Hume's history. Or—suppose we do some geography?"

"With all my heart. The globes are upon the study table."

They went to the study; and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe—then twirled it round two or three times—and then listened patiently, while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But whilst he was in the midst of a problem—"Come"—said his lordship—"now for a little Virgil."

The book was brought; and the pupil, with a good deal of help, got through twenty lines.

"Well,"—said he, ringing the bell —"I think we have done a good deal. Tom! bring my bow and arrows."

The fine London made bow, in its green case, and the quiver with all its appurtenances, were brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target, but not coming near it, he shot all the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered, with a servant at his heels, for a mile or two through the lanes, and came, just as the clock struck twelve, to a village green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and out burst a shoal of boys, who, spreading over the green, with immoderate vociferation, instantly be-

gan a variety of sports. Some fell to marbles—some to trap-ball—some to leap-frog. In short, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noise, motion, and pleasure. *Lord Linger*, riding slowly up, espied one of his tenant's sons, who had been formerly admitted as a playfellow of his, and called him from the throng.

"Jack,"—said he—"how do you like school?"

"O—pretty well, my lord."

"What—have you a good deal of play?"

"O no! We have only from twelve to two for playing and eating our dinners; and then an hour before supper."

"That is very little, indeed!"

"But *we play heartily when we do play, and work when we work.* Good by, my lord! It is my turn to go in at trap."

So saying, Jack ran off.

"I wish I was a schoolboy!"—cried the little lord to himself.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him. "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you. I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The *Horse*, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet, and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonish-

ing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all."

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE GRASS TRIBE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. PRAY what is that growing on the other side of the hedge?

George. Why it is corn—don't you see it is in ear?

H. Yes—but it seems too short for corn; and the corn we just now passed is not in ear by a great deal.

G. Then I don't know what it is. Pray, Sir, will you tell us?

Tutor. I don't wonder you were puzzled about it. It is a sort of grass sown for hay, and is called *rye grass.*

H. But how happens it that it is so very like corn?

T. There is no great wonder in that, for all corn is really a kind of grass; and on the other hand, if you were a Lilliputian, every species of grass would appear to you amazing large corn.

G. Then there is no difference between corn and grass, but the size?

T. None at all.

H. But we eat corn; and grass is not good to eat.

T. It is only the seeds of corn that we eat. We leave the stalks and leaves for cows and horses. Now we might eat the seeds of grass, if they were big enough to be worth gathering; and some particular kinds are in fact eaten in certain countries.

H. But are wheat and barley really grass?

T. Yes—they are a species of that great family of plants, which botanists

call *Grasses*; and I will take this opportunity of telling you something about them. Go, George, and pull us up a root of that rye-grass. Harry and I will sit down on this stile till you come to us.

H. Here is grass enough all round us.

T. Well then—pull up a few roots that you see in ear.

G. Here is my grass.

H. And here is mine.

T. Well—spread them all in a handkerchief before us. Now look at the roots of them all. What do you call them?

G. I think they are what you have told us are *fibrous* roots.

T. Right—they consist of a bundle of strings. Then look at their stalks—you will find them jointed and hollow, like the straw of corn.

H. So they are.

T. The leaves, you see, of all the kinds are very long and narrow, tapering to a point at their ends. Those of corn, you know, are the same.

H. Yes—they are so like grass at first, that I can never tell the difference.

T. Next observe the ears, or heads. Some of these, you see, are thick, and close, exactly like those of wheat or barley; others are more loose and open, like oats. The first are generally called *spikes*; the second, *panicles*. If you examine them closely, you will find that they all consist of a number of distinct husky bodies, which are properly the flowers; each of which is succeeded by a single seed. I dare say you have picked ears of wheat.

H. O yes—I am very fond of them.

T. Well then—you found that the grains all lay single, contained in a scaly husk making a part of the ear, or head. Before the seed was formed, there was

a flower in its place. I do not mean a gay fine-coloured flower, but a few scales with threads coming out among them, each crowned with a white tip. And soon after the ears of corn appear, you will find their flowers open, and these white tips coming out of them. This is the structure of the flowers and flowering heads of every one of the grass tribe.

G. But what are the *beards* of corn?

T. The beards are bristles or points running out from the ends of the husks. They are properly called *awns*. Most of the grass tribe have something of these, but they are much longer in some kinds than in others. In barley, you know, they are very long, and give the whole field a sort of downy or silky appearance, especially when waved by the wind.

H. Are there the same kinds of corn and grass in all countries?

T. No. With respect to corn, that is in all countries the product of cultivation: and different sorts are found best to suit different climates. Thus in the northern parts of the temperate zone, oats and rye are chiefly grown. In the middle and southern, barley and wheat. Wheat is universally the species preferred for bread corn; but there are various kinds of it, differing from each other in size of grain, firmness, colour, and other qualities.

H. Does not the best wheat of all grow in England?

T. By no means. Wheat is better suited to the warmer climates, and it is only by great attention and upon particular soils that it is made to succeed well here. On the other hand, the torrid zone is too hot for wheat and our other grains; and they chiefly cultivate rice there, and Indian corn.

G. I have seen heads of Indian corn

as thick as my wrist, but they do not look at all like our corn.

T. Yes—the seeds all grow single in a sort of chaffy head; and the stalk and leaves resemble those of the grass tribe, but of a gigantic size. But there are other plants of this family, which perhaps you have not thought of.

G. What are they?

T. Canes and reeds—from the sugar canes and bamboo of the tropics, to the common reed of our ditches, of which you make arrows. All these have the general character of the grasses.

H. I know that reeds have very fine feathery heads, like the tops of grass.

T. They have so. And the stalks are composed of many joints; as are also those of the sugar-cane, and the bamboo, of which fishing rods and walking sticks are often made. Some of these are very tall plants, but the seeds of them are small in proportion, and

not useful for food. But there is yet another kind of grass-like plants common among us.

G. What is that?

T. Have you not observed in the marshes, and on the sides of ditches, a coarse broader leaved sort of grass with large dark coloured spikes? This is *sedge*, in Latin *carex*, and there are many sorts of it.

H. What is that good for?

T. It is eaten by cattle, both fresh and dry, but is inferior in quality to good grass.

G. What is it that makes one kind of grass better than another?

T. There are various properties which give value to grasses. Some spread more than others, resist frost and drought better; yield a greater crop of leaves, and are therefore better for pasturage and hay. The juices of some are more nourishing and sweet than

those of others. In general, however, different grasses are suited to different soils; and by improving soils, the quality of the grass is improved.

G. Does grass grow in all countries?

T. Yes—the green turf, which naturally covers fertile soils of all countries, is chiefly composed of grasses of various kinds. They form, therefore, the verdant carpet extended over the earth; and humble as they are, they contribute more to beauty and utility, than any other part of the vegetable creation.

H. What—more than trees?

T. Yes, certainly. A land entirely covered with trees would be gloomy, unwholesome, and scarcely inhabitable; whereas the meadow, the down, and the corn field, afford the most agreeable prospects to the eye, and furnish every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life. Give us corn and grass, and what shall we want for food?

H. Let me see—what should we have? There's bread and flour for puddings.

G. Ay, and milk, for you know cows live on grass and hay—so there's cheese and butter, and all things that are made of milk.

T. And are there not all kinds of meat too, and poultry? And then for drink, there are beer and ale, which are made from barley. For all these we are chiefly indebted to *the grasses.*

G. Then I am sure we are very much obliged to the grasses.

T. Well—let us now walk homewards. Some time hence you shall make a collection of all the kinds of grasses, and learn to know them from each other.

A TEA LECTURE.

Tutor—Pupil.

Tut. COME—the tea is ready. Lay by your book, and let us talk a little—You have assisted in tea-making a great many times, and yet I dare say you never considered what kind of an operation it was.

Pup. An operation of cookery—is it not?

Tut. You may call it so; but it is properly an operation of *chemistry.*

Pup. Of chemistry! I thought that had been a very deep sort of a business.

Tut. O—there are many things in common life that belong to the deepest of sciences. Making tea is the chemical operation called *infusion,* which is, when a hot liquor is poured upon a

substance in order to extract something from it. The water, you see, extracts from the tea-leaves their colour, taste, and flavour.

Pup. Would not cold water do the same?

Tut. It would, but more slowly. Heat assists almost all liquors in their power of extracting the virtues of herbs and other substances. Thus good house-wives were formerly used to boil their tea, in order to get all the goodness from it as completely as possible. The greater heat and agitation of boiling makes it act more powerfully. The liquor in which a substance has been boiled is called a *decoction* of that substance.

Pup. Then we had a decoction of mutton at dinner to-day.

Tut. We had—broth is a decoction, and so are gruel and barley water. But when any thing is put to steep in a cold

liquor, it is called *maceration.* The ingredients of which ink is made are *macerated.* In all these cases, you see the whole substance does not mix with the liquor, but only part of it. The reason is, that part of it is *soluble* in the liquor, and part not.

Pup. What is the meaning of that?

Tut. Solution is when a solid put into a fluid entirely disappears in it, leaving the liquor clear. Thus when I throw this lump of sugar into my tea, you see it gradually wastes away till it is all gone, and then I can taste it in every single drop of my tea; but the tea is as clear as before.

Pup. Salt would do the same.

Tut. It would. But if I were to throw in a lump of chalk, it would lie undissolved at the bottom.

Pup. But it would make the water white.

Tut. True, while it was stirred; and

then it would be a *diffusion*. But while the chalk was thus mixed with the liquor, it would lose its transparency, and not recover it again, till by standing, the chalk had all subsided, and left the liquor as it was before.

Pupil. How is the cream mixed with the tea?

Tut. Why, that is only *diffused*, for it takes away the transparency of the tea. But the particles of cream being finer and lighter than those of chalk, it remains longer united with the liquor. However, in time the cream would separate too, and rise to the top, leaving the tea clear. Now, suppose you had a mixture of sugar, salt, chalk, and tea-leaves, and were to throw it into water, either hot or cold;—what would be the effect?

Pup. The sugar and salt would be dissolved and disappear. The tea-leaves would yield their colour and taste. The

chalk—I do not know what would become of that.

Tut. Why, if the mixture were stirred, the chalk would be diffused through it, and make it *turbid* or muddy; but on standing, it would leave it unchanged.

Pup. Then there would remain at bottom the chalk and tea-leaves.

Tut. Yes. The clear liquor would contain in *solution* salt, sugar, and those particles of the tea, in which its colour and taste consisted; the remainder of the tea and the chalk would lie undissolved.

Pup. Then I suppose tea-leaves, after the tea is made, are lighter than at first.

Tut. Undoubtedly. If taken out and dried they would be found to have lost part of their weight, and the water would have gained it. Sometimes, however, it is an extremely small portion of a substance which is soluble, but it is that in which its most remarkable qualities reside. Thus a small piece of

spice will communicate a strong flavour to a large quantity of liquid, with very little loss of weight.

Pup. Will all liquors dissolve the same things?

Tut. By no means. Many dissolve in water, that will not in spirit of wine; and the contrary. And upon this difference many curious matters in the arts are founded. Thus, spirit varnish is made of a solution of various gums or resins in spirits that will not dissolve in water. Therefore, when it has been laid over any surface with a brush, and is become dry, the rain or moisture of the air will not affect it. This is the case with the beautiful varnish laid upon coaches. On the other hand, the varnish left by gum water could not be washed off by spirits.

Pup. I remember when I made gum-water, upon setting the cup in a warm place, it all dried away, and left the gum

just as it was before. Would the same happen if I had sugar or salt dissolved in water?

Tut. Yes, upon exposing the solution to warmth, it would dry away, and you would get back your salt and sugar in a solid state as before.

Pup. But if I were to do so with a cup of tea, what should I get?

Tut. Not tea-leaves, certainly! But your question requires a little previous explanation. It is the property of heat to make most things fly off in vapour, which is called *evaporation*, or *exhalation*. But this it does in very different degrees, to different substances. Some are very easily made to *evaporate*; others very difficultly; and others not at all by the most violent fire we can raise. Fluids in general are easily *evaporable*; but not equally so. Spirit of wine flies off in vapour much sooner than water; so that if you had a mixture of the two,

by applying a gentle heat you might drive off all the spirit, and leave the water pure. Water, again, is more evaporable than oil. Some solid substances are much disposed to evaporate. Thus, smelling salts by a little heat may entirely be driven away in the air. But in general, solids are more *fixed* than fluids; and therfore when a solid is dissolved in a fluid, it may commonly be recovered again by evaporation. By this operation common salt is got from sea-water and salt springs, both artificially, and in hot countries by the natural heat of the sun. When the water is no more than is just sufficient to dissolve the salt it is called a *saturated solution*, and on evaporating the water further, the salt begins to separate, forming little regular masses called *crystals*. Sugar may be made in like manner to form crystals, and then it is sugar-candy.

Pup. But what is a sirup?

Tut. That is, when so much sugar is dissolved as sensibly to thicken the liquor, but not to separate from it. Well—now to your question about tea. On exposing it to considerable heat, those fine particles in which its flavour consists, being as *volatile* or evaporable as the water, would fly off along with it; and when the liquor came to dryness, there would be left only those particles in which its roughness and colour consist. This would make what is called an *extract* of a plant.

Pup. What becomes of the water that evaporates?

Tut. It ascends into the air, and unites with it. But if in its way it be stopped by any cold body, it is *condensed*, that is, it returns to the state of water again. Lift up the lid of the tea pot, and you will see water collected on the inside of it, which is condensed steam from the

hot tea beneath. Hold a spoon or knife in the way of the steam which bursts out from the spout of the tea-kettle, and you will find it immediately covered with drops. This operation of turning a fluid into vapour, and then condensing it, is called *distillation*. For this purpose, the vessel in which the liquor is heated is closely covered with another called the head, into which the steam rises and is condensed. It is then drawn off by means of a pipe into another vessel called the receiver. In this way all sweet scented and aromatic liquors are drawn from fragrant vegetables, by means of water or spirits. The fragrant part being very volatile, rises along with the steam of the water or spirit, and remains united with it after it is condensed. Rose-water and spirit of lavender are liquors of this kind.

Pup. Then the water collected on the

inside of the tea pot lid should have the fragrance of the tea.

Tut. It should—but unless the tea were fine, you could scarcely perceive it.

Pup. I think I have heard of making salt-water fresh by distilling.

Tut. Yes. That is an old discovery lately revived. The salt in sea-water, being of a fixed nature, does not rise with the steam; and therefore, on condensing the steam, the water is found to be fresh. And this indeed is the method nature employs in raising water by exhalation from the ocean, which collecting in clouds, is condensed in the cold regions of the air, and falls down in rain.

But our tea is done; so we will now put an end to our chemical lecture.

Pup. But is this real chemistry?

Tut. Yes it is.

Pup. Why, I understand it all without any difficulty.

Tut. I intended you should.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

Mr. B. was accustomed to read in the evening to his young folks some select story, and then ask them in turn what they thought of it. From the reflections they made on these occasions, he was enabled to form a judgment of their dispositions, and was led to throw in remarks of his own, by which their hearts and understandings might be improved. One night he read the following narrative from *Churchill's Voyages*.

"In some voyages of discovery made from Denmark to Greenland, the sailors were instructed to seize some of the natives by force or stratagem, and bring them away. In consequence of these

orders, several Greenlanders were kidnapped and brought to Denmark—Though they were treated there with kindness, the poor wretches were always melancholy, and were observed frequently to turn their faces towards the north, and sigh bitterly. They made several attempts to escape, by putting out to sea in their little canoes which had been brought with them. One of them had got as far as thirty leagues from land before he was overtaken. It was remarked, that this poor man, whenever he met a woman with a child in her arms, used to utter a deep sigh; whence it was conjectured that he had left a wife and child behind him. They all pined away one after another, and died miserably."

Now, *Edward* (said he), what is your opinion of this story?

Edward. Poor creatures! I think it was very barbarous to take them from home.

Mr. B. It was indeed!

Ed. Have civilized nations any *right* to behave so to savages?

Mr. B. I think you may readily answer that question yourself. Suppose you were a savage—what would be your opinion?

Ed. I dare say I should think it very wrong. But can savages think about right and wrong as we do?

Mr. B. Why not? are they not *men?*

Ed. Yes—but not like civilized men, sure!

Mr. B. I know no important difference between ourselves and those people we are pleased to call savage, but in the degree of knowledge and virtue possessed by each. And I believe many individuals among the Greenlanders, as well as other unpolished people, exceed in these respects many among us. In the present case, I am sure the Danish

sailors showed themselves the greatest savages.

Ed. But what did they take away the Greenlanders for?

Mr. B. The pretence was, that they might be brought to be instructed in a Christian country, and then sent back to civilize their countrymen.

Ed. And was not that a good thing?

Mr. B. Certainly—if it were done by proper means; but to attempt it by an act of violence and injustice could not be right; for they could teach them nothing so good as their example was bad; and the poor people were not likely to learn willingly from those who had begun with injuring them so cruelly.

Ed. I remember Capt. Cook brought over somebody from Otaheite; and poor Lee Boo was brought here from the Pelew Islands. But I believe they both came of their own accord.

Mr. B. They did. And it is a great

proof of the better way of thinking of modern voyagers than of former ones, that they do not consider it as justifiable to use violence even for the supposed benefit of the people they visit.

Ed. I have read of taking possession of a newly discovered country by setting up the king's standard, or some such ceremony, though it was full of inhabitants.

Mr. B. Such was formerly the custom; and a more impudent mockery of all right and justice cannot be conceived. Yet this, I am sorry to say, is the title by which European nations claim the greatest part of their foreign settlements.

Ed. And might not the natives drive them out again, if they were able?

Mr. B. I am sure I do not know why they might not; *for force can never give right.*

Now, *Harry*, tell me what *you* think of the story.

Harry. I think it very strange that people should want to go back to such a cold dismal place as Greenland.

Mr. B. Why what country do you love best in all the world?

H. England to be sure!

Mr. B. But England is by no means the warmest and finest country. Here are no grapes growing in the fields, nor oranges in the woods and hedges, as there are in more southern climates.

H. I should like them very well, to be sure—but then England is my own native country, where you and mamma and all my friends live. Besides, it is a very pleasant country, too.

Mr. B. As to your first reason, you must be sensible that the Greenlander can say just the same; and the poor fellow who left a wife and children behind

must have had the strongest of all ties to make him wish to return. Do you think I should be easy to be separated from all of you?

H. No—and I am sure we should not be easy, neither.

Mr. B. Home, my dear, wherever it is, is the spot towards which a good heart is the most strongly drawn. Then, as for the pleasantness of a place, that all depends upon habit. The Greenlander, being accustomed to the way of living, and all the objects of his own country, could not relish any other so well. He loved whale-fat and seal as well as you can do pudding and beef. He thought rowing his little boat amid the boisterous waves, pleasanter employment than driving a plough or a cart. He fenced against the winter's cold by warm clothing; and the long night of many weeks, which you would think so gloomy, was to him a season of ease and

festivity in his habitation under ground. It is a very kind and wise dispensation of Providence, that every part of the world is rendered the most agreeable to those who live in it.

Now, little *Mary*, what have you to say?

Mary. I have only to say, that if they were to offer to carry me away from home, I would scratch their eyes out!

Mr. B. Well said, my girl! stand up for yourself. Let nobody run away with you—*against your will.*

Mary. That I won't.

NINTH EVENING.

THE FARM-YARD JOURNAL.

DEAR TOM,

SINCE we parted at the breaking up, I have been for most of the time at a pleasant farm in Hertfordshire, where I have employed myself in rambling about the country, and assisting, as well as I could, in the work going on at home and in the fields. On wet days, and in the evenings, I have amused myself with keeping a journal of all the great events that have happened among us; and hoping that when you are tired of the bustle of your busy town, you may receive some entertainment from comparing our transactions with yours, I have copied out for your perusal one of the days in my memorandum book,

Pray let me know in return what you are doing, and believe me,

Your very affectionate friend,

Hazel Farm. RICHARD MARKWELL.

JOURNAL.

June 10th. Last night we had a dreadful alarm. A violent scream was heard from the hen-roost; the geese all set up a cackle, and the dogs barked. Ned, the boy who lies over the stable, jumped up, and ran into the yard, when he observed a fox galloping away with a chicken in his mouth, and the dogs in full chase after him. They could not overtake him, and soon returned. Upon further examination, the large white cock was found lying on the ground all bloody, with his comb torn almost off, and his feathers all ruffled, and the speckled hen and three chickens lay dead beside him. The cock recovered, but appeared terribly frightened. It seems

that the fox had jumped over the garden hedge, and then crossing part of the yard behind the straw, had crept into the hen-roost through a broken pale. John the carpenter was sent for, to make all fast, and prevent the like mischief again.

Early this morning the brindled cow was delivered of a fine bull calf. Both are likely to do well. The calf is to be fattened for the butcher.

The duck-eggs that were sitten upon by the old black hen were hatched this day, and the ducklings all directly ran into the pond, to the great terror of the hen, who went round and round, clucking with all her might in order to call them out, but they did not regard her. An old drake took the little ones under his care, and they swam about very merrily.

As Dolly this morning was milking the new cow that was bought at the fair,

she kicked with her hind-legs, and threw down the milk pail, at the same time knocking Dolly off her stool into the dirt. For this offence the cow was sentenced to have her head fastened to the rack, and her legs tied together.

A kite was observed to hover a long while over the yard with an intention of carrying off some of the young chickens, but the hens called their broods together under their wings, and the cocks put themselves in order of battle, so that the kite was disappointed. At length one chicken, not minding its mother, but straggling heedlessly to a distance, was descried by the kite, who made a sudden swoop, and seized it in his talons. The chicken cried out, and the cocks and hens all screamed; when Ralph the farmer's son who saw the attack, snatched up a loaded gun, and just as the kite was flying off with his prey fired and brought him dead to the

ground, along with the poor chicken, who was killed in the fall. The dead body of the kite was nailed up against the wall, by way of warning to his wicked comrades.

In the forenoon we were alarmed with strange noises approaching us, and looking out we saw a number of people with frying pans, warming pans, tongs, and pokers, beating, ringing, and making all possible din. We soon discovered them to be our neighbours of the next farm, in pursuit of a swarm of bees which was hovering in the air over their heads. The bees at length alighted on the tall pear-tree in our orchard, and hung in a bunch from one of the boughs. A ladder was got, and a man ascending with gloves on his hands, and an apron tied over his head, swept them into a hive which was rubbed on the inside with honey and sweet herbs. But as he was descending, some bees which had got

under his gloves stung him in such a manner, that he hastily threw down the hive, upon which the greater part of the bees fell out, and began in a rage to fly among the crowd, and sting all whom they lit upon. Away scampered the people, the women shrieking, the children roaring; and poor Adam, who had held the hive, was assailed so furiously, that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground, and creep under the gooseberry bushes. At length the bees began to return to the hive, in which the queen bee had remained; and after a while, all being quietly settled, a cloth was thrown over it, and the swarm was carried home.

About noon, three pigs broke into the garden, where they were rioting upon the carrots and turnips, and doing a great deal of mischief by trampling the beds and rooting up the plants with their snouts; when they were spied by

old Towzer the mastiff, who ran among them, and laying hold of their long ears with his teeth, made them squeal most dismally, and get out of the garden as fast as they could.

Roger the ploughman, when he came for his dinner, brought word that he had discovered a partridge's nest with sixteen eggs in the home field. Upon which the farmer went out and broke them all; saying, that he did not choose to rear birds upon his corn, which he was not allowed to catch, but must leave to some qualified sportsman, who would besides break down his fences in the pursuit.

A sheep-washing was held this day at the mill-pool, when seven score were well washed, and then penned in the high meadow to dry. Many of them made great resistance at being thrown into the water; and the old ram being dragged to the brink by a boy at each

horn, and a third pushing behind, by a sudden spring threw two of them into the water, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Towards the dusk of the evening, the squire's mongrel greyhound, which had been long suspected of worrying sheep was caught in the fact. He had killed two lambs, and was making a hearty meal upon one of them, when he was disturbed by the approach of the shepherd's boy, and directly leaped the hedge and made off. The dead bodies were taken to the squire's, with an indictment of wilful murder against the dog. But when they came to look for the culprit, he was not to be found in any part of the premises, and is supposed to have fled his country through consciousness of his heinous offence.

Joseph, who sleeps in the garret at the old end of the house, after having been some time in bed, came down stairs

in his shirt, as pale as ashes, and frightened the maids, who were going up. It was sometime before he could tell what was the matter; at length he said he had heard some dreadful noises over head, which he was sure must be made by some ghost or evil spirit; nay, he thought he had seen something moving, though he owned he durst hardly lift up his eyes. He concluded with declaring, that he would rather sit up all night in the kitchen than go to his room again. The maids were almost as much alarmed as he, and did not know what to do; but the master overhearing their talk, came out and insisted upon their accompanying him to the spot, in order to search into the affair. They all went into the garret, and for a while heard nothing; when the master ordered the candle to be taken away, and every one to keep quite still. Joseph and the maids stuck close to each

other, and trembled every limb. At length a kind of groaning or snoring began to be heard, which grew louder and louder, with intervals of a strange sort of hissing. "That's it!" whispered Joseph, drawing back towards the door—the maids were ready to sink; and even the farmer himself was a little disconcerted. The noise seemed to come from the rafters near the thatch. In a while, a glimpse of moon-light shining through a hole at the place, plainly discovered the shadow of something stirring; and on looking intently, something like feathers were perceived. The farmer now began to suspect what the case was; and ordering up a short ladder, bid Joseph climb to the spot, and thrust his hand into the hole. This he did rather unwillingly, and soon drew it back, crying loudly that it was bit. However, gathering courage, he put it in again, and pulled out a large white

owl, another at the same time being heard to fly away. The cause of the alarm was now made clear enough; and poor Joseph, after being heartily jeered by the maids, though they had been as much frightened as he, sneaked into bed again, and the house soon became quiet.

ON MANUFACTURES.

Father—Henry.

Hen. My dear father, you observed the other day that we had a great many *manufactures* in England. Pray what is a Manufacture?

Fa. A Manufacture is something made by the hand of man. It is derived from two Latin words, *manus*, the hand, and *facere*, to make. Manufactures are therefore opposed to *productions*, which latter are what the bounty

of nature spontaneously affords us; as fruits, corn, marble.

Hen. But there is a great deal of trouble with corn; you have often made me take notice how much pains it costs the farmer to plough his ground, and put the seed in the earth, and keep it clear from weeds.

Fa. Very true; but the farmer does not make the corn; he only prepares for it a proper soil and situation, and removes every hindrance arising from the hardness of the ground, or the neighbourhood of other plants, which might obstruct the secret and wonderful process of vegetation; but with the vegetation itself he has nothing to do. It is not *his* hand that draws out the slender fibres of the root, pushes up the green stalk, and by degrees the spiky ear; swells the grain, and embrowns it with that rich tinge of tawny russet, which informs the husbandman it is time to

put in his sickle: all this operation is performed without his care or even knowledge.

Hen. Now then I understand; corn is a *production*, and bread is a *Manufacture*.

Fa. Bread is certainly in strictness of speech, a Manufacture; but we do not in general apply the term to any thing in which the original material is so little changed. If we wanted to speak of bread philosophically, we should say, it is a *preparation* of corn.

Hen. Is sugar a Manufacture?

Fa. No, for the same reason. Beside which, I do not recollect the term being applied to any article of food; I suppose from an idea that food is of too perishable a nature, and generally obtained by a process too simple to deserve the name. We say, therefore, sugar-works, oil-mills, chocolate works; we do not say a beer-manufactory, but a

brewery; but this is only a nicety of language, for properly all those are manufactories, if there is much of art and curiosity in the process.

Hen. Do we say a manufactory of *pictures?*

Fa. No; but for a different reason. A picture, especially if it belong to any of the higher kinds of painting, is an effort of genius. A picture cannot be produced by any given combinations of canvass and colour. It is the hand, indeed, that executes, but the head that works. Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have gone, when he was engaged to paint a picture, and hired workmen, the one to draw the eyes, another the nose, a third the mouth: the whole must be the painter's own, that particular painter's, and no other; and no one who has not his ideas, can do his work. His work is therefore nobler, of a higher species.

Hen. Pray give me an instance of a manufacture.

Fa. The making of watches is a manufacture: the silver, iron, gold, or whatever else is used in it, are productions, the materials of the work; but it is by the wonderful art of man that they are wrought into the numberless wheels and springs of which this complicated machine is composed.

Hen. Then is there not as much art in making a watch as a picture? Does not the head work?

Fa. Certainly, in the original invention of watches, as much or more, than in painting; but when once invented, the art of watch-making is capable of being reduced to a mere mechanical labour, which may be exercised by any man of common capacity, according to certain precise rules, when made familiar to him by practice. This, painting is not.

Hen. But, my dear father, making of books surely requires a great deal of thinking and study; and yet I remember the other day at dinner a gentleman said that Mr. Pica had *manufactured* a large volume in less than a fortnight.

Fa. It was meant to convey a satirical remark on his book, because it was compiled from other authors, from whom he had taken a page in one place, and a page in another; so that it was not produced by the labour of his brain, but of his hands. Thus you heard your mother complain that the London cream was *manufactured;* which was a pointed and concise way of saying that the cream was not what it ought to be, or what it pretended to be; for cream when genuine is a pure production; but when mixed up and adulterated with flour and isinglass, and I know not what, it becomes a Manufacture. It was as much as to say, art has been here where it has

no business; where it is not beneficial, but hurtful. A great deal of the delicacy of language depends upon an accurate knowledge of the specific meaning of single terms, and a nice attention to their relative propriety.

Hen. Have all nations manufactures?

Fa. All that are in any degree cultivated; but it very often happens that countries naturally the poorest, have manufactures of the greatest extent and variety.

Hen. Why so?

Fa. For the same reason, I apprehend, that individuals, who are rich without any labour of their own, are seldom so industrious and active as those who depend upon their own exertions: thus the Spaniards, who possess the richest gold and silver mines in the world, are in want of many conveniences of life, which are enjoyed in London and Amsterdam.

Hen. I can comprehend that; I believe if my uncle Ledger were to find a gold mine under his warehouse, he would soon shut up shop.

Fa. I believe so. It is not, however, easy to establish Manufactures in a *very poor* nation; they require science and genius for their invention, art and contrivance for their execution; order, peace, and union, for their flourishing; they require a number of men to combine together in an undertaking, and to prosecute it with the most patient industry; they require, therefore, laws and government for their protection. If you see extensive Manufactures in any nation, you may be sure it is a civilized nation, you may be sure property is accurately ascertained and protected. They require great expences for their first establishment, costly machines for shortening manual labour, and money and credit for purchasing materials

from distant countries. There is not a single Manufacture of Great Britain which does not require, in some part or other of its process, productions from the different parts of the globe, oils, drugs, varnish, quicksilver, and the like: it requires, therefore, *ships* and a friendly intercourse with foreign nations to transport commodities, and exchange productions. We could not be a manufacturing, unless we were also a commercial nation. They require time to take root in any place, and their excellence often depends upon some nice and delicate circumstance; a peculiar quality, for instance, in the air or water, or some other local circumstance not easily ascertained. Thus, I have heard that the Irish women spin better than the English, because the moister temperature of their climate makes their skin more soft and their fingers more flexible: thus again we cannot dye so

beautiful a scarlet as the French can, though with the same drugs, perhaps on account of the superior purity of the air. But though so much is necessary for the perfection of the more curious and complicated Manufactures, all nations possess those which are subservient to the common conveniences of life—the loom and the forge, particularly, are of the highest antiquity.

Hen. Yes: I remember Hector bids Andromache return to her apartments, and employ herself in weaving with her maids; and I remember the shield of Achilles.

Fa. True: and you likewise remember, in an earlier period, the fine linen of Egypt: and to go still higher, the working of iron and brass is recorded of Tubal Cain before the flood.

Hen. Which is the most important, Manufactures or Agriculture?

Fa. Agriculture is the most *necessary*,

because it is first of all necessary, that man should live; but almost all the enjoyments and comforts of life are produced by manufactures.

Hen. Why are we obliged to take so much pains to make ourselves comfortable?

Fa. To exercise our industry. Nature provides the materials for man. She pours out at his feet a profusion of gems, metals, dyes, plants, ores, barks, stones, gums, wax, marbles, woods, roots, skins, earths, and minerals of all kinds! She has likewise given him tools.

Hen. I did not know that Nature gave us tools.

Fa. No! what are those two instruments you carry always about with you, so strong and yet so flexible, so nicely jointed, and branched out into five long, taper, unequal divisions, any of

which may be contracted or stretched out at pleasure; the extremities of which have a feeling so wonderfully delicate, and which are strengthened and defended by horn?

Hen. The hands.

Fa. Yes. Man is as much superior to the brutes in his outward form, by means of the hand, as he is in his mind by the gifts of reason. The trunk of the elephant comes perhaps the nearest to it in its exquisite feeling and flexibility (it is, indeed, called his hand in Latin), and accordingly that animal has always been reckoned the wisest of brutes. When nature gave man the hand, she said to him, "exercise your ingenuity, and work." As soon as ever man rises above the state of a savage, he begins to contrive and to make things, in order to improve his forlorn condition: thus you may remember

Thomson represents Industry coming to the poor shivering wretch, and teaching him the arts of life:

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose:
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or dight in glossy silk and flowing lawn.

Hen. It must require a great deal of knowledge, I suppose, for so many curious works; what kind of knowledge is most necessary?

Fa. There is not any which may not be occasionally employed; but the two sciences which most assist the manufacturer are *mechanics* and *chemistry:* the one for building mills, working of mines, and in general for constructing wheels, wedges, pulleys, &c. either to shorten the labour of man, by performing it in less time, or to perform what the strength of man alone could not accomplish;—the other in fusing and

working ores, in dying and bleaching, and extracting the virtues of various substances for particular uses: making of soap, for instance, is a chemical operation; and by chemistry an ingenious gentleman has lately found out a way of bleaching a piece of cloth in eight and forty hours, which by the common process would have taken up a great many weeks.—You have heard of Sir Richard Arkwright, who died lately.—

Hen. Yes. I have heard he was at first only a barber, and shaved people for a penny a-piece.

Fa. He did so; but having a strong turn for mechanics, he invented, or at least perfected a machine, by which one pair of hands may do the work of twenty or thirty; and, as in this country every one is free to rise by merit, he acquired the largest fortune in the county, had a great many hundreds of

workmen under his orders, and had leave given him by the King to put *Sir* before his name.

Hen. Did that do him any good?

Fa. It pleased him, I suppose, or he would not have accepted of it; and you will allow, I imagine, that if titles are used, it does honour to those who bestow them, that they are given to such as have made themselves noticed for something useful.—Arkwright used to say, that if he had time to perfect his inventions, he would put a fleece of wool into a box, and it should come out broad cloth.

Hen. What did he mean by that? was there any fairy in the box to turn it into broad cloth with her wand?

Fa. He was assisted by the only fairies that ever had the power of transformation, Art and Industry: he meant that he would contrive so many ma-

chines, wheel within wheel, that the combing, carding, and other various operations, should be performed by mechanism, almost without the hand of man.

Hen. I think, if I had not been told, I should never have been able to guess that my coat came off the back of the sheep.

Fa. You hardly would; but there are Manufactures in which the material is much more changed than in woollen cloth. What can be meaner in appearance than sand and ashes? Would you imagine any thing beautiful could be made out of such a mixture? Yet the furnace transforms this into that transparent crystal we call *glass*, than which nothing is more sparkling, more brilliant, more full of lustre. It throws about the rays of light as if it had life and motion.

Hen. There is a glass shop in London, which always puts me in mind of Aladdin's palace.

Fa. It is certain that if a person ignorant of the Manufacture were to see one of our capital shops, he would think all the treasures of Golconda were centered there, and that every drop of cut glass was worth a prince's ransom.— Again, who would suppose, on seeing the green stalks of a plant, that it could be formed into a texture so smooth, so snowy-white, so firm, and yet so flexible as to wrap round the limbs, and adapt itself to every movement of the body? Who would guess this fibrous stalk could be made to float in such light undulating folds as in our lawns and cambrics; not less fine, we presume, than that transparent drapery which the Romans called *ventus textilis, woven wind?*

Hen. I wonder how any body can spin such fine thread.

Fa. Their fingers must have the touch of a spider, that, as Pope says,

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;"

and indeed you recollect that Arachne *was* a spinster. Lace is a still finer production from flax, and is one of those in which the original material is most improved. How many times the price of a pound of flax do you think that flax will be worth when made into lace?

Hen. A great many times I suppose.

Fa. Flax at the best hand is bought at fourteen-pence a pound. They make lace at Valenciennes, in French Flanders, of ten guineas a yard, I believe indeed higher, but we will say ten guineas; this yard of lace will weigh probably not more than half an ounce: what is the value of half an ounce of flax?

Hen. It comes to one farthing and three quarters of a farthing.

Fa. Right; now tell me how many times the original value the lace is worth.

Hen. Prodigious! it is worth 5760 times as much as the flax it is made of.

Fa. Yet there is another material that is still more improvable than flax.

Hen. What can that be?

Fa. Iron. The price of pig-iron is ten shillings a hundred weight; this is not quite one farthing for two ounces; now you have seen some of the beautiful cut steel that looks like diamonds.

Hen. Yes, I have seen buckles, and pins, and watch-chains.

Fa. Then you can form an idea of it: but you have seen only the most common sorts. There was a chain made at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and sent to France, which weighed only two ounces, and cost 170*l.* Calculate how many times that had increased its value.

Hen. Amazing! It was worth 163,600 times the value of the iron it was made of.

Fa. That is what Manufacturers can do; here man is a kind of a creator, and, like the great Creator, he may please himself with his work, and say it is good. In the last-mentioned Manufacture too, that of steel, the English have the honour of excelling all the world.

Hen. What are the chief Manufactures of England?

Fa. We have at present a greater variety than I can pretend to enumerate, but our staple Manufacture is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep; hence our wool has always been a valuable article of trade; but we did not always know how to work it. We used to sell it to the Flemish or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth; till in the year

1326, Edward the Third invited some Flemish weavers over to teach us the art; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have arisen to great consequence from small beginnings, almost within the memory of old men now living; the first for cotton and muslin goods, the second for cutlery and hardware, in which we at this moment excel all Europe. Of late years too, carpets, beautiful as fine tapestry, have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are greatly esteemed. The earthen-ware plates and dishes, which we all use in common, and the elegant set for the tea-table, ornamented with musical instruments, which we admired in our visit yesterday, belong to a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is at Burslem in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there belong to one person, an

excellent chemist, and a man of great taste; he, in conjunction with another man of taste, who is since dead, has made our clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China. He has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek and Etruscan artists. In the more common articles he has penciled it with the most elegant designs; shaped it into shells and leaves, twisted it into wicker work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket. He has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are lightly traced, with the purest simplicity, the fine forms and floating draperies of Herculaneum. In short, he has given to our houses a classic air, and has made every saloon and every dining-room schools of taste. I should add that there is a great demand abroad for this elegant manufacture. The

Empress of Russia has had some magnificent services of it; and the other day one was sent to the King of Spain, intended as a present from him to the Archbishop of Toledo, which cost a thousand pounds. Some morning you shall go through the rooms in the London Warehouse.

Hen. I should like very much to see Manufactures, now you have told me such curious things about them.

Fa. You will do well! there is much more entertainment to a cultivated mind in seeing a pin made, than in many a fashionable diversion which young people half ruin themselves to attend. In the mean time I will give you some account of one of the most elegant of them, which is *paper*.

Hen. Pray do, my dear father.

Fa. It shall be left for another evening, however, for it is now late. Good night.

TENTH EVENING.

THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings; and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong

as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the Tropic Bird, and the Albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemies the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recal his present; but Jupiter said to her, "When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment!"

A LESSON IN

THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

F. Come hither, Charles; what is that you see grazing in the meadow before you?

C. It is a horse.

F. Whose horse is it?

C. I do not know; I never saw it before.

F. How do you know it is a horse, if you never saw it before?

C. Because it is like other horses.

F. Are all horses alike, then?

C. Yes.

F. If they are alike, how do you know one horse from another.

C. They are not quite alike.

F. But they are so much alike, that you can easily distinguish a horse from a cow?

C. Yes, indeed.

F. Or from a cabbage?

C. A horse from a cabbage! yes, surely I can.

F. Very well; then let us see if you can tell how a horse differs from a cabbage?

C. Very easily; a horse is alive.

F. True; and how is every thing called which is alive?

C. I believe all things that are alive are called *animals*.

F. Right; but can you tell me what a horse and a cabbage are alike in?

C. Nothing, I believe.

F. Yes, there is one thing in which the slenderest moss that grows upon the wall is like the greatest man or the highest angel.

C. Because God made them.

F. Yes; and how do you call every thing that is made?

C. A creature.

F. A horse, then, is a creature, but a living creature; that is to say, an animal.

C. And a cabbage is a dead creature; that is the difference.

F. Not so, neither; nothing is dead that has never been alive.

C. What must I call it then, if it is neither dead nor alive?

F. An inanimated creature; there is the animate and the inanimate creation. Plants, stones, metals, are of the latter class; horses belong to the former.

C. But the gardener told me some of my cabbages *were* dead, and some were alive.

F. Very true. Plants have a *vegetative* life, a principle of growth and decay; this is common to them with all organized bodies; but they have not sensation, at least we do not know they have—they have not *life*, therefore, in the sense in which animals enjoy it.

C. A horse is called an animal, then.

F. Yes; but a salmon is an animal, and so is a sparrow; how will you distinguish a horse from these?

C. A salmon lives in the water, and swims; a sparrow flies, and lives in the air.

F. I think a salmon could not walk upon the ground, even if it could live out of the water.

C. No, indeed, it has no legs.

F. And a bird would not gallop like a horse.

C. No; it would hop away upon its two slender legs.

F. How many legs has a horse?

C. Four.

F. And an ox?

C. Four likewise.

F. And a camel?

C. Four still.

F. Do you know any animals which

live upon the earth that have not four legs?

C. I think not; they have all four legs; except worms and insects, and such things.

F. You remember, I suppose, what an animal is called that has four legs; you have it in your little book?

C. A quadruped.

F. A horse then is a *quadruped:* by this we distinguish him from birds, fishes, and insects.

C. And from men.

F. True; but if you had been talking about birds, you would not have found it so easy to distinguish them.

C. How so? a man is not at all like a bird.

F. Yet an ancient philosopher could find no way to distinguish them, but by calling man *a two-legged animal without feathers.*

C. I think he was very silly; they are not at all alike, though they have both two legs.

F. Another ancient philosopher, called Diogenes, was of your opinion. He stripped a cock of his feathers and turned him into the school where Plato, that was his name, was teaching, and said, Here is Plato's man for you.

C. I wish I had been there, I should have laughed very much.

F. Probably. Before we laugh at others, however, let us see what we can do ourselves. We have not yet found any thing which will distinguish a horse from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

C. O, that is easy enough. An elephant is very large, and a rat is very small; a horse is neither large nor small.

F. Before we go any further, look what is settled on the skirt of your coat.

C. It is a butterfly; what a prodigiously large one! I never saw such a one before.

F. Is it larger than a rat think you?

C. No, that it is not.

F. Yet you called the butterfly large, and you called the rat small.

C. It is very large for a butterfly.

F. It is so. You see, therefore, that large and small are *relative terms.*

C. I do not well understand that phrase.

F. It means that they have no precise and determinate signification in themselves, but are applied differently according to the other ideas which you join with them, and the different positions in which you view them. This butterfly, therefore, is *large,* compared with those of its own species, and *small* compared with many other species of animals. Besides, there is no circumstance which varies more than the size

of individuals. If you were to give an idea of a horse from its size, you would certainly say it was much bigger than a dog; yet if you take the smallest Shetland horse, and the largest Irish greyhound, you will find them very much upon a par: size, therefore, is not a circumstance by which you can accurately distinguish one animal from another; nor yet is colour.

C. No; there are black horses, and bay, and white, and pied.

F. But you have not seen that variety of colours, in a hare, for instance.

C. No, a hare is always brown.

F. Yet if you were to depend upon that circumstance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he sees them white as snow. We must, therefore, find out some circumstances that do not change like size and colour, and I may add shape, though they are not

so obvious, nor perhaps so striking.—Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

C. No: some have long taper claws, and some have thick clumsy feet without claws.

F. The thick feet are horney; are they not?

C. Yes, I recollect they are called hoofs.

F. And the feet that are not covered with horn, and are divided into claws, are called *digitated,* from *digitus,* a finger; because they are parted like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand division of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated.* Of which division is the horse?

C. He is hoofed.

F. There are a great many different kinds of horses; did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

C. No, never.

F. Do you think we run any hazard of a stranger telling us, Sir, horses are hoofed indeed in your country, but in mine, which is in a different climate, and where we feed them differently, they have claws?

C. No I dare say not.

F. Then we have got something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal, under every variation of situation or treatment. But an ox is hoofed, and so is a sheep; we must distinguish still farther. You have often stood by, I suppose, while the smith was shoeing a horse. What kind of a hoof has he?

C. It is round and all in one piece.

F. And is that of an ox so?

C. No, it is divided.

F. A horse, then, is not only hoofed, but *whole-hoofed*. Now how many quadrupeds do you think there are in the world that are whole-hoofed?

C. Indeed I do not know.

F. There are, among all animals that we are acquainted with, either in this country or in any other, only the horse, the ass, and the zebra, which is a species of wild ass. Now, therefore, you see we have nearly accomplished our purpose; we have only to distinguish him from the ass.

C. That is easily done, I believe; I should be sorry if any body could mistake my little horse for an ass.

F. It is not so easy, however, as you imagine; the eye readily distinguishes them by the air and general appearance, but naturalists have been rather puzzled to fix upon any specific difference, which may serve the purpose of a definition. Some have, therefore, fixed upon the ears, others on the mane and tail. What kind of ears has an ass?

C. O, very long clumsy ears. Asses' ears are always laughed at.

F. And the horse?

C. The horse has small ears, nicely turned and upright.

F. And the mane, is there no difference there?

C. The horse has a fine long flowing mane; the ass has hardly any.

F. And the tail! is it not fuller of hair in the horse than in the ass?

C. Yes; the ass has only a few long hairs at the end of the tail: but the horse has a long bushy tail when it is not cut.

F. Which, by the way, it is pity it ever should. Now, then, observe what particulars we have got. *A horse is an animal of the quadruped kind, whole-hoofed, with short erect ears, a flowing mane, and a tail covered in every part with long hairs.* Now is there any other animal, think you in the world, that answers these particulars?

C. I do not know; this does not tell us a great deal about him.

F. And yet it tells us enough to distinguish him from all the different tribes of the creation which we are acquainted with in any part of the earth. Do you know now what we have been making?

C. What?

F. A Definition. It is the busi ness of a definition to distinguish precisely the thing defined from any other thing, and to do it in as few terms as possible. Its object is to separate the subject of definition, first, from those with which it has only a general resemblance, then, from those which agree with it in a greater variety of particulars; and so on, till by constantly throwing out all which have not the qualities we have taken notice of, we come at length to the individual or the species we wish to ascertain. It is a kind of

chase, and resembles the manner of hunting in some countries, where they first enclose a large circle with their dogs, nets, and horses; and then, by degrees, draw their toils closer and closer, driving their game before them till it is at length brought into so narrow a compass that the sportsmen have nothing to do but to knock down their prey.

C. Just as we have been hunting this horse, till at last we held him fast by his ears and his tail.

F. I should observe to you, that in the definition naturalists give of a horse it is generally mentioned that he has six cutting teeth in each jaw; because this circumstance of the teeth has been found a very convenient one for characterising large classes; but as it is not absolutely necessary here, I have omitted it; a definition being the more perfect the fewer particulars you make use of, provided you can say with certainty

from those particulars the object so characterised must be this and no other whatever.

C. But, papa, if I had never seen a horse, I should not know what kind of animal it was by this definition.

F. Let us hear, then, how you would give me an idea of a horse.

C. I would say it was a fine large prancing creature, with slender legs, and an arched neck, and a sleek smooth skin, and a tail that sweeps the ground, and that he snorts and neighs very loud and tosses his head, and runs as swift as the wind.

F. I think you learned some verses upon the horse in your last lesson? repeat them.

C. The wanton courser thus with reins unbound
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

POPE'S *Homer*.

F. You have said very well; but this is not a *Definition*, it is a *Description*.

C. What is the difference?

F. A description is intended to give you a lively picture of an object, as if you saw it; it ought to be very full. A definition gives no picture to those who have not seen it: it rather tells you what its subject is not, than what it is, by giving you such clear specific marks, that it shall not be possible to confound it with any thing else; and hence it is of the greatest use in throwing things into classes. We have a great many beautiful descriptions from ancient authors so loosely worded that we cannot certainly tell what animals are meant by

them; whereas, if they had given us definitions, three lines would have ascertained their meaning.

C. I like a description best, papa.

F. Perhaps so; I believe I should have done the same at your age. Remember, however, that nothing is more useful than to learn to form ideas with precision, and to express them with accuracy; I have not given you a definition to teach you what a horse is, but to teach you to *think*.

THE PHENIX AND DOVE.

A Phenix, who had long inhabited the solitary deserts of Arabia, once flew so near the habitations of men as to meet with a tame Dove, who was sitting on her nest, with wings expanded, and fondly brooding over her young ones, while she expected her mate, who was

foraging abroad to procure them food. The Phenix, with a kind of insulting compassion, said to her, "Poor bird, how much I pity thee! confined to a single spot, and sunk in domestic cares, thou art continually employed either in laying eggs or providing for thy brood; and thou exhaustest thy life and strength in perpetuating a feeble and defenceless race. As to myself, I live exempt from toil, care, and misfortune. I feed upon nothing less precious than rich gums and spices; I fly through the trackless regions of the air, and when I am seen by men, am gazed at with curiosity and astonishment! I have no one to control my range, no one to provide for; and when I have fulfilled my five centuries of life, and seen the revolution of ages, I rather vanish than die, and a successor, without my care, springs up from my ashes. I am an image of the great sun whom I adore; and glory

in being like him, single and alone, and having no likeness."

The Dove replied, " O Phenix, I pity thee much more than thou affectest to pity me! What pleasure canst thou enjoy, who livest forlorn and solitary in a trackless and unpeopled desert! who hast no mate to caress thee, no young ones to excite thy tenderness and reward thy cares, no kindred, no society amongst thy fellows? Not long life only, but immortality itself would be a curse, if it were to be bestowed on such uncomfortable terms. For my part, I know that my life will be short, and therefore I employ it in raising a numerous posterity, and in opening my heart to all the sweets of domestic happiness. I am beloved by my partner; I am dear to man; and shall leave marks behind me that I have lived. As to the sun, to whom thou hast presumed to compare thyself, that glorious being is so totally

different from, and so infinitely superior to, all the creatures upon earth, that it does not become us to liken ourselves to him, or to determine upon the manner of his existence. One obvious difference, however, thou mayest remark; that the sun, though alone, by his prolific heat produces all things, and though he shines so high above our heads, gives us reason every moment to bless his beams; whereas thou, swelling with imaginary greatness, dreamest away a long period of existence, equally void of comfort and usefulness."

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

F. I WILL now, as I promised, give you an account of the elegant and useful manufacture of *Paper*, the basis of which is itself a manufacture. This delicate and beautiful substance is made

from the meanest and most disgusting materials, from old rags, which have passed from one poor person to another, and have perhaps at length dropped in tatters from the child of the beggar. These are carefully picked up from dunghills, or bought from servants by Jews, who make it their business to go about and collect them. They sell them to the rag-merchant, who gives from two pence to four pence a pound, according to their quality; and he, when he has got a sufficient quantity, disposes of them to the owner of the paper mill. He gives them first to women to sort and pick, agreeably to their different degrees of fineness; they also with a knife cut out carefully all the seams, which they throw into a basket for other purposes; they then put them into the dusting-engine, a large circular wire sieve, where they receive some degree of cleansing. The rags are then

conveyed to the mill. Here they were formerly beat to pieces with vast hammers, which rose and fell continually with a most tremendous noise, that was heard at a great distance. But now they put the rags into a large trough or cistern, into which a pipe of clear spring water is constantly flowing. In this cistern is placed a cylinder, about two feet long, set thick round with rows of iron spikes, standing as near as they can to one another without touching. At the bottom of the trough there are corresponding rows of spikes. The cylinder is made to whirl round with inconceivable rapidity, and with these iron teeth rends and tears the cloth in every possible direction; till, by the assistance of the water, which continually flows through the cistern, it is thoroughly masticated, and reduced to a fine pulp; and by the same process all its impurities are cleansed

away, and it is restored to its original whiteness. This process takes about six hours. To improve the colour they then put in a little smalt, which gives it a blueish cast, which all paper has more or less: the French paper has less of it than ours. This fine pulp is next put into a copper of warm water. It is the substance of paper, but the form must now be given it: for this purpose they use a mould. It is made of wire, strong one way, and crossed with finer. This mould they just dip horizontally into the copper, and take it out again. It has a little wooden frame on the edge, by means of which it retains as much of the pulp as is wanted for the thickness of the sheet, and the superfluity runs off through the interstices of the wires. Another man instantly receives it, opens the frame, and turns out the thin sheet, which has now shape, but not con-

sistence, upon soft felt, which is placed on the ground to receive it. On that is placed another piece of felt, and then another sheet of paper, and so on till they have made a pile of forty or fifty. They are then pressed with a large screw-press, moved by a long lever, which forcibly squeezes the water out of them, and gives them immediate consistence. There is still, however, a great deal to be done. The felts are taken off, and thrown on one side, and the paper on the other, whence it is dexterously taken up with an instrument in the form of a T, three sheets at a time, and hung on lines to dry. There it hangs for a week or ten days, which likewise further whitens it, and any knots and roughnesses it may have, are picked off carefully by the women. It is then sized. Size is a kind of glue; and without this preparation the paper would not bear ink; it would run and

blot as you see it does on gray paper. The sheets are just dipped into the size and taken out again. The exact degree of sizing is a matter of nicety, which can only be known by experience. They are then hung up again to dry, and when dry taken to the finishing-room, where they are examined anew, pressed in the dry-presses, which gives them their last gloss, and smoothness; counted up into quires, made up into reams, and sent to the stationer's, from whom we have it, after he has folded it again and cut the edges; some too he makes to shine like satin, by glossing it with hot plates. The whole process of paper-making takes about three weeks.

H. It is a very curious process indeed. I shall almost scruple for the future to blacken a sheet of paper with a careless scrawl, now I know how much pains it costs to make it so white and beautiful.

F. It is true that there is hardly any thing we use with so much waste and profusion as this manufacture; we should think ourselves confined in the use of it, if we might not tear, disperse, and destroy it in a thousand ways; so that it is really astonishing, whence linen enough can be procured to answer so vast a demand. As to the coarse brown papers, of which an astonishing quantity is used by every shopkeeper in packages, &c. these are made chiefly of oakum, that is, old hempen ropes. A fine paper is made in China of silk.

H. I have heard lately of woven paper; pray what is that? they cannot weave paper, surely!

F. Your question is very natural. In order to answer it, I must desire you to take a sheet of common paper, and hold it up against the light. Do not you see marks in it?

H. I see a great many white lines running along lengthways, like ribs, and smaller that cross them. I see, too, letters and the figure of a crown.

F. These are all the marks of the wires; the thickness of the wire prevents so much of the pulp lying upon the sheet in those places, consequently wherever the wires are, the paper is thinner, and you see the light through more readily, which gives that appearance of white lines. The letters too are worked in the wire, and are the maker's name. Now to prevent these lines, which take off from the beauty of the paper, particularly of drawing paper, there have been lately used moulds of brass wire exceeding fine, of equal thickness, and woven or latticed one within another; the marks therefore of these are easily pressed out, so as to be hardly visible; if you look at this sheet you will see it is quite smooth.

H. It is so.

F. I should mention to you, that there is a discovery very lately made, by which they can make paper equal to any in whiteness, of the coarsest brown rags, and even of dyed cottons; which they have till now been obliged to throw by for inferior purposes. This is by means of manganese, a sort of mineral, and oil of vitriol; a mixture of which they just pass through the pulp, while it is in water, for otherwise it would burn it, and in an instant it discharges the colours of the dyed cloths, and bleaches the brown to a beautiful whiteness.

H. That is like what you told me before, of bleaching cloth in a few hours.

F. It is indeed founded upon the same discovery. The paper made of these brown rags is likewise more valuable, from being very tough and strong, almost like parchment.

H. When was the making of paper found out?

F. It is a disputed point, but probably in the fourteenth century. The invention has been of almost equal consequence to literature, with that of printing itself; and shows how the arts and sciences, like children of the same family, mutually assist and bring forward each other.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

SCENE—*Alexander the Great in his tent. Guards. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

Alex. What, art thou the Thracian Robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Rob. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

A. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I

could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done, of which *you* can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

R. Alexander; I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

R. I must then answer your question by another. How have *you* passed your life?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still what are you but a *robber*—a base dishonest *robber?*

R. And what is a *conqueror?* Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry:—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to

whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

R. I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk

of: but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it.

A. Leave me—Take off his chain and use him well. (*Exit Robber.*)—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

THE END OF VOL. II.

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